

Finding out the truth

by Salem

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Summary: It's sorta romance but not really. It's about Quatre and Dorothy

Finding out the truth

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Finding out the Truth

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Note to Disclaimers: I do not and never will own Gundam Wing.

WAH so please don't sue me. Thank you and

>enjoy the fic! ~Veisha~

>Finding out the Truth

>Dorothy Catalonia sat on a bench in the rain. It had been a dark and bleak day for the former worker of
Romerfeller. Now that the war was over, Dorothy didn't know where to go. She had tried to kill many people. She

>had tried to kill Relena, Heero, and Quatre. Quatre. His name lingered in her mind. She knew now that somehow
she'd fallen in love with him and she thought it was plain out silly. Quatre, from what she knew, was a pacifist

>and a very kind and caring person. He would and never could like somebody like me. (By the way, Dorothy has
changed those ugly eyebrows so now they look normal)

>

>She stood up as it began to rain harder and headed towards, well anywhere. It was late when she arrived at her
destination. She knocked carefully, not wanting to disturb the residents who might be sleeping. The door opened

>and a tall man looked down at her. "Can I help you miss?" "Yes. I'm looking for Quatre Raberba Winner. Is he
here?" The man smiled. "Yes, come in. I am Rashid." "Oh, I am Dorothy Catalonia." She stepped in and set her

>small bag down on the floor. Her clothes were wet and her shoes were caked with mud. "Rashid, is it too late to
see Quatre?" "No.

Master Quatre stays up very late running the Winner business." "Oh.

Shall I go find him?" "He's
>upstairs. There's only one door there so you'll know where he
is."

>
Dorothy smiled at Rashid before walking up the stairs. When she
reached the top she saw the door was open.
>She paused. Should I go in? What if he tries to kill me? What if he
throws me out? What do I do? Her thoughts
were interrupted by a
voice. "Dorothy Catalonia." It was Quatre. He was standing by the
railing, smiling at her.
>Dorothy looked down. "Hello Quatre." "Why have you come here
Dorothy?" Dorothy looked up. "I...I wanted to
ask for your
forgiveness. I want to say sorry that I tried to kill you, Quatre."
Quatre walked down until he was
>standing right in front of her. "I understand why you tried to, but
that's in the past. I forgive you and I accept
your apology." He
gave her a small hug.
>

>Dorothy tried not to be very emotional about it. "I...I must be
going Quatre." He looked at her a moment. "Where
are you staying?"
She froze. Should I tell him the truth or make up a lie? "Dorothy?"
"Um..." Quatre took this
>as a no. "Well, you can stay here in the guest bedroom if you'd
like. Here, I'll show you to there." He took
Dorothy's hand and
led her to the bedroom. It was very nice. Dorothy was relieved she
had somewhere to sleep,
>but knew it was only for tonight. Tomorrow she'd have to go get a
place. "You can stay here as long as you
want." He smiled and left
back upstairs. Dorothy sat on the bed and looked out the window.
Everything is so
>dark for me. She sighed and fell asleep, trying to forget about all
the horrible things she had done.

>
She woke the next morning to the sound of a knock on her bedroom
door. She sat up and wrapped the covers
>around her. "Come in." the door opened and Quatre stepped in,
wearing his regular clothing. "Sleeping late
Dorothy? You should
probably get up now. It's 10:00." Dorothy glanced at her watch. He's
right! It's late! I
>should be looking for somewhere to stay. "Dorothy, are you okay?"
She looked up, distracted from her thinking.
"Huh...Oh! Yes Quatre
I'm fine thanks." "There's breakfast in the kitchen if you'd like
some. I'll be in my office if
>you need to speak with me." He left to his office leaving Dorothy
with a sad smile on her face. She stood up,
rubbing the sleep out
of her eyes, and headed towards the kitchen. When she arrived there
she looked out the
>large window. She gasped. There was large garden area with flowers
and trees and many plants. She left her
breakfast heading towards
the garden.
>

>She walked through what seemed like an endless maze of flower
fields. There was a small bench by a tree.
Dorothy decided to sit
down and admire the view from the bench. From where she sat she could
see Quatre's
>window. She looked up and tried to see if he was there. He wasn't
there, which disappointed her, causing her to
look back at the
ground. "Can I join you Dorothy?" She jumped at the voice. "Yes."
Quatre took a seat next to
>her on the bench. "So Dorothy, what are you doing since the war is
over?" Dorothy bit her lip. "Nothing really. I
have nothing to do
since I am an ex-assassin," her voice trembled at the word assassin,

" and I have just given
>up on ever getting a job. After all who wants to hire an assassin
who knows nothing about anything but doing
assassinations? It's
all very silly, don't you think?" She turned to him. He was staring
at her hard. "What?" She
>asked.

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"Well, what you said has some truth to it but I think you still
can get a job." Dorothy looked hopeful for a minute,
>then looked downcast again. "I can't. I'm just too unhappy with
myself right now. I could never even go near
other people." "But
you came here and I'm another person. No less a person you tried to
kill, Dorothy." A tear slid
>down her cheek. "I wish you wouldn't say such things. It only makes
me feel worse." Quatre looked at her
skeptically. "I will be
leaving soon. I must go now to search for a place to stay and to
work. Excuse me Quatre."
>She stood and headed back towards her room, crying silently as she
left. "I'm sorry." Quatre whispered quietly as
she walked away
from him.
>

>What am I doing? I shouldn't even be here anymore. He's been kind
enough and he's right. I tried to kill him.
Who was I then? Who am
I now? Dorothy was sitting on her bed, hugging her knees to her
chest. Who have I
>become? She picked up her pillow and buried her face in it. I have
to talk to Quatre again. She had packed
her things and had set
them by the door. She quickly cleaned up her face, straightened
herself out and headed
>towards Quatre's office. Quatre was sitting at his desk when she
entered. "Quatre, may I speak with you?"
Quatre turned around and
nodded. "Here, sit down." He pointed at the chair across from him.
She walked over
>and sat down. "What did you want to talk about Dorothy?" "I came to
tell you that I decided on leaving tonight."

>

>"Why? Is it something I said earlier when we were in the garden?"
Dorothy smoothed out her skirt. "No. I just
have to leave." "Is
something bothering you? You seemed somewhat disturbed when you came
and you still seem
>that way. Can I help at all?" "No Quatre. You've helped me enough
and I don't deserve to be helped, especially
by you. I almost
killed you and although you've forgiven me, I cannot forgive me. That
is why I must leave. There
>is also something else..." She trailed off. "What is it Dorothy?
Please tell me." Quatre asked. "I...I can't." A tear
slid down her
cheek. "Dorothy, why are you crying?" "Quatre I...I want to tell you
but I know the answer."
>Quatre looked at her with question. "How will you know the answer if
you don't ask or tell?" Dorothy just put her
head down. "Because I
tried to kill the person I'm in love with."
>

>Quatre did a double take. "The person you're in love with?" "Yes."
"You mean...me?" Dorothy didn't look up, tears
were sliding down
her cheeks. "Yes Quatre." Quatre was silent for a long while until
Dorothy finally looked up. He
>was looking at her oddly. Dorothy stood up and ran out the door,
tears streaming down her face. Quatre snapped
out of it and ran
after her. "DOROTHY WAIT! COME BACK!" Dorothy ran out the doors and
into the dark night. As
>she ran blindly down the streets, it began to pour very hard. No! I

knew I never should have said it! I never
should have gone back to see him! She ran into an alley and sat down in a corner. She was drenched from head

>to toe as was Quatre when he found her. "Dorothy, why did you run out like that?" Dorothy looked up. "Quatre?"

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Quatre walked over to her and knelt down next to her. "Dorothy, you never heard my response." "I did. Just by

>the way you looked at me Quatre. I understand if you don't feel the same. After all I tried to kill you and after
doing that, who could love someone like me? Especially you. How could you love me Quatre?" She sighed. "I just

>had to let you know."" She turned her head away looking upset and hurt. She felt Quatre's hand on her shoulder.
"Dorothy, look at me." She turned to him slowly. He had tears in his eyes and a small smile on his face. "That

>wasn't my response. I was just a little surprised. The truth is, I've waited for you this whole time." Dorothy
looked surprised. "You mean..." Quatre nodded. Dorothy just sat there staring up at him. He looked down at her

>and smiled. "How about a hug?" He opened his arms up and Dorothy fell into them. "Quatre...thank you. Thank
you for freeing me and teaching me to be good hearted once again."

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>(I don't know if people think Quatre and Dorothy go good together but I think it would be sweet,. Anyway I still
think Trowa and Quatre go good together too, so it can be either way. Well send in your reviews! Thanks! See

>ya latez peeps!)
~Veisha~

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End
file.